



and

STAR PARADE
PRESENTS

DICK POWELL

-ADVENTURER!



10c

In this issue: **"FIVE FINGERS OF SATAN!"**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Send Secret Messages With The

LONE RANGER

SILVER BULLET BALL PEN SET



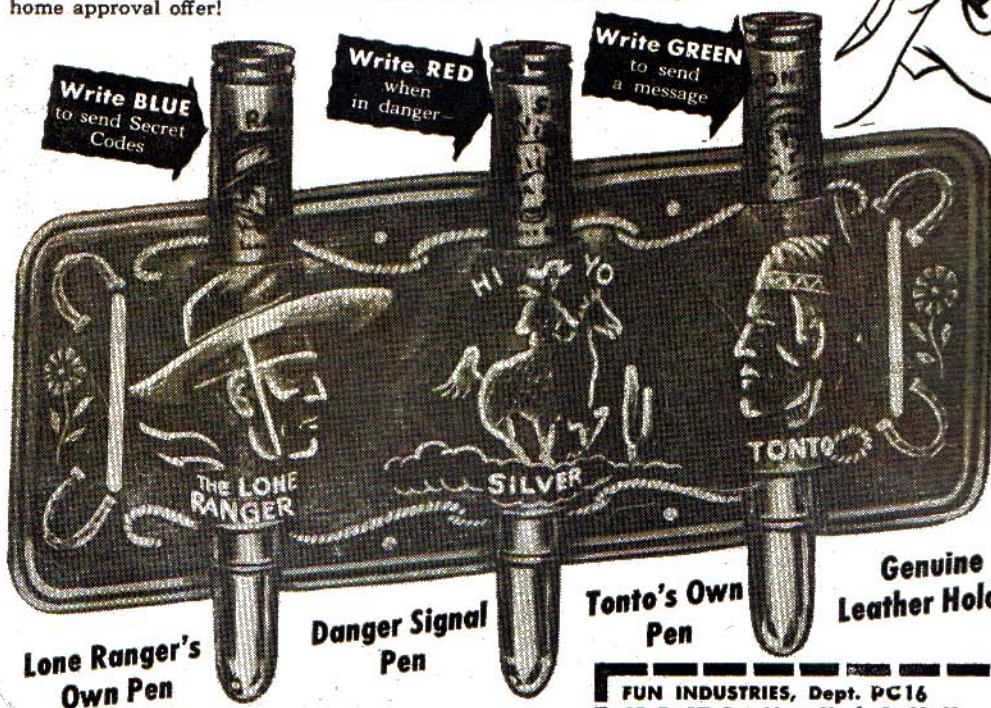
An Everlast Product

TRY IT OUT FOR 10 DAYS FREE!

WEAR IT ON YOUR
BELT—WRITE YOUR
OWN SECRET
CODES!

HHEY kids, here's your chance to get the Lone Ranger's own Silver Bullet Pen Set! Three smooth-writing pens—each one shaped just like the silver bullets the Lone Ranger has in his gun belt! Each pen writes a different color—BLUE, RED, GREEN—and each one writes up to three years! But that isn't all! Besides these three secret code pens, you get a snappy-looking genuine leather belt cartridge holder. Attach it to your belt and you always have the Lone Ranger pens ready to use, wherever you are. What's more, this leather holder is beautifully embossed with pictures of the Lone Ranger himself, Silver and Tonto! And best of all, you get all three pens, *plus* the holder, for only \$1.00 on this 10-day home approval offer!

Only
\$1.00
Per Set



SEND NO MONEY

Send no money to get this official Lone Ranger Silver Bullet Ball Pen Set. Just mail coupon. When the postman brings your Lone Ranger set to your door, pay him only \$1.00 plus postage and delivery. If, at the end of 10 days, you don't agree that this is the greatest bargain you've ever seen, return the pens and holder—and your money will be cheerfully refunded. But hurry! Be first in your neighborhood to get this wonderful pen set! Mail coupon—NOW.

FUN INDUSTRIES, 45 E. 17 ST., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

FUN INDUSTRIES, Dept. PG16
45 E. 17 St., New York 3, N. Y.

Rush me—Lone Ranger Silver Bullet Ball Pen Sets complete with leather holders. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.00 each plus postage and delivery. If I am not satisfied for any reason at all, I'll return them within 10 days, and you will refund my money.

Name

Address

City.....Zone.....State.....

NOTE: Send cash, check, or money order with this coupon, and we pay postage. Same refund guarantee.

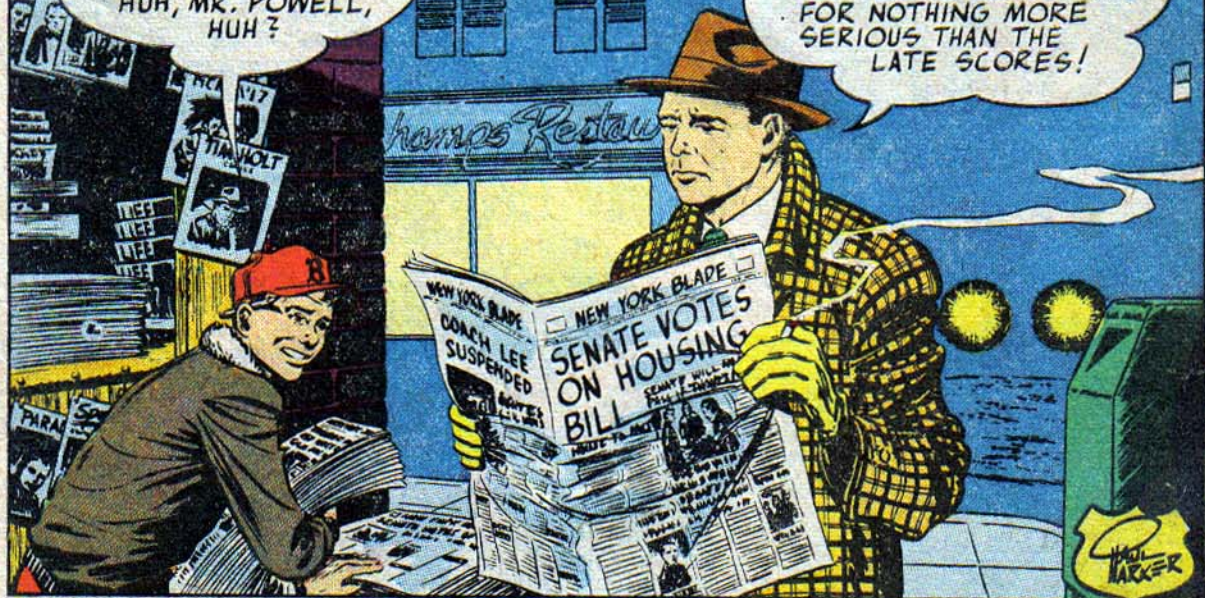
DICK POWELL

IN "FIVE FINGERS OF SATAN"

CHAPTER ONE
"THE DAGGER AND
THE DANCER"

HUNTIN' FOR
A MIDNIGHT
MURDER HEADLINE,
HUH, MR. POWELL,
HUH?

NO, "HUH"— I
HAPPEN TO BE HUNTING
FOR NOTHING MORE
SERIOUS THAN THE
LATE SCORES!



"JUST RELAXING, EH, MR. POWELL?—THE LATE PAPERS, PERHAPS A CUP OF COFFEE, A FEW PLEASANT DAY DREAMS AND A BLEEDING BODY! WHERE DID THE CORPSE COME FROM? WHY, FROM THAT LIMOUSINE JUST A LITTLE WAY DOWN THE STREET!"

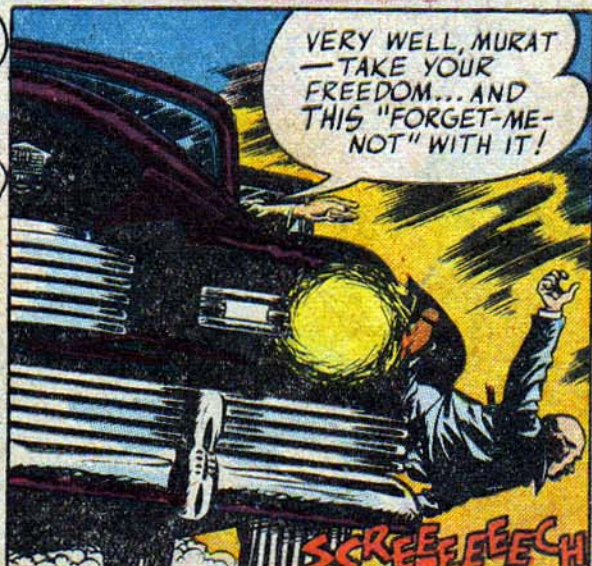
TH-THIS IS INSANE
...A NIGHTMARE!
I'LL NOT SIT HERE
AND BE HERDED
OFF LIKE A
STEER TO ITS
SLAUGHTER!

OPEN THE DOOR!
I-I CAN'T HOLD
HIM ANY
LONGER!

RIGHT!



VERY WELL, MURAT
—TAKE YOUR
FREEDOM...AND
THIS "FORGET-ME-
NOT" WITH IT!



DICK POWELL

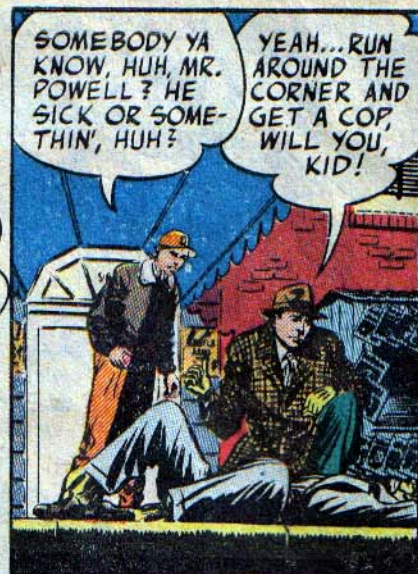


YEAH, I KNOW PAL... "I'VE BEEN AT A PARTY THAT PROVED JUST A LITTLE TOO SPIRITED!"



UH-UH, POWELL—HOLD TIGHT!

H-HELP ME... UHHHH!



SOMEBODY YA KNOW, HUH, MR. POWELL? HE SICK OR SOMETHIN', HUH?

YEAH... RUN AROUND THE CORNER AND GET A COP, WILL YOU, KID!



MURAT! JAN MURAT... CAN YOU HEAR ME?

H-HEAR YOU... T-TAKE THIS...



KNOW HIM?

SORT OF! READ PLENTY OF HIS BOOKS AND... HOLD IT—HE'S TRYING TO TALK!

CONSULATE... VANIDA... THE FIVE FINGERS OF SATAN... AAHHHH...



I DON'T GET IT! HE DIDN'T FINISH...

I'M AFRAID HE IS FINISHED, FRIEND!

LATER, IN HIS ARGYLE ARMS APARTMENT, AS POWELL TOYS WITH THE RABBIT'S FOOT...



UH-UH! THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE MORE TO THIS HARE'S HIND LEG THAN A LOAD OF BAD LUCK... A KEY, TUCKED IN THE TUFT OF FUR!

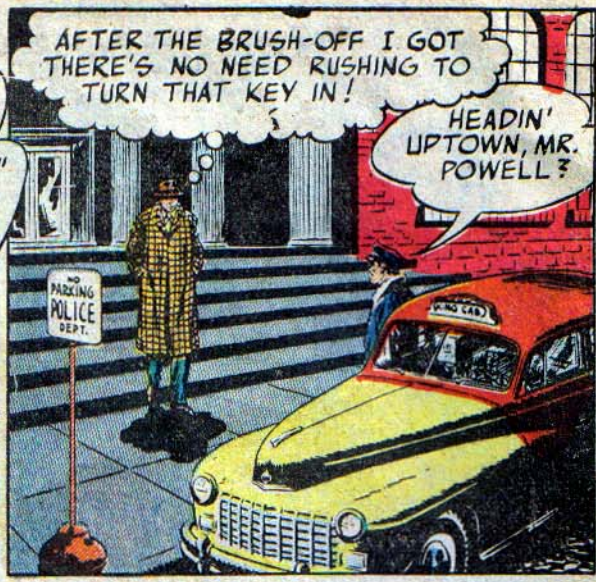
DICK POWELL



AND, AS THE MANTLE OF MORNING MIST LIFTS FROM THE CITY...



DICK POWELL



MINUTES LATER, IN FRONT OF MURAT'S MIDTOWN APARTMENT...



DICK POWELL



BEFORE POWELL'S BLURRING EYES HIS TORMENTOR TAKES ON THE APPEARANCE OF A BLACK DISSOLVING MASS...



...INTO WHICH POWELL IS PULLED AND PLUMMETED DOWN THE BOTTOMLESS WELL OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS!

DICK POWELL



THE KNIFE!
LET ME STICK
THE YANKEE
PIG JUST
ONCE!

IT'D BE BEST FOR YOU
TO CURB THAT FEMALE
FURY AND HAVE A GO
AT GETTING OUT OF
THIS BLOOMIN'
PLACE!

AS THE ASSAILANTS DASH
FROM THE ROOM, LUNGES OF
PAIN LOOSENS POWELL'S
LETHARGY...

...AGAIN,
LATHAM... A-AGAIN...
VANIDA?



LUCKY AT THAT, I
G-GUESS! RATHER
NURSE A SMACKED
SKULL THAN A BACK
WITH A BLADE
BURIED IN IT!



OKAY, WE'LL JUST
KEEP THIS TRINKET
FOR LUCK! MIGHT
COME IN HANDY
SOME...HEL-LO...!



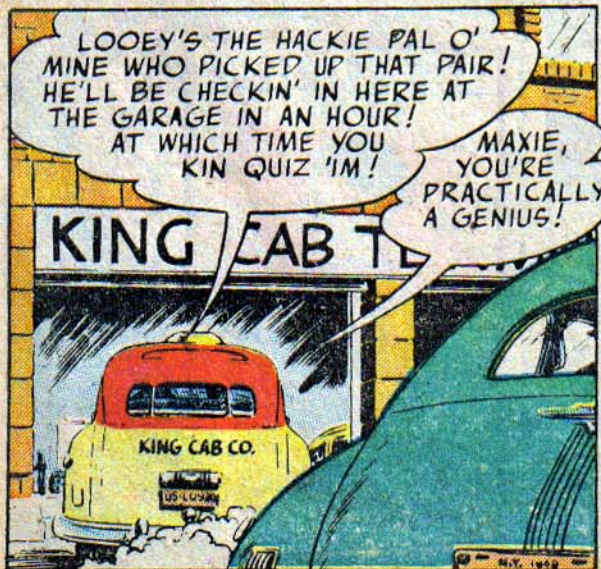
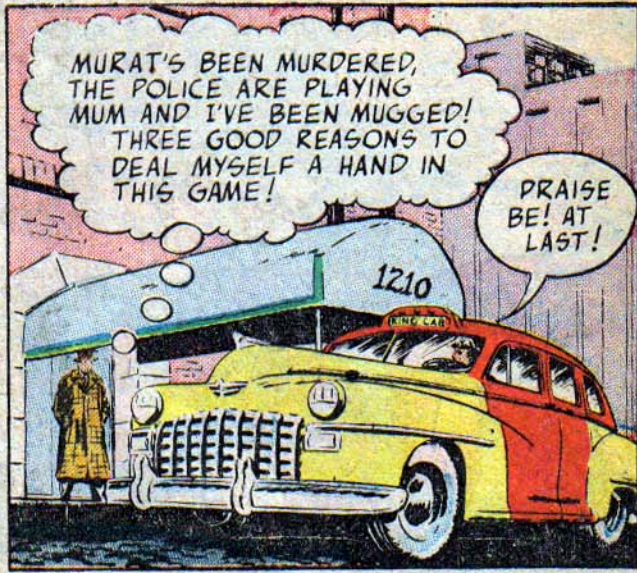
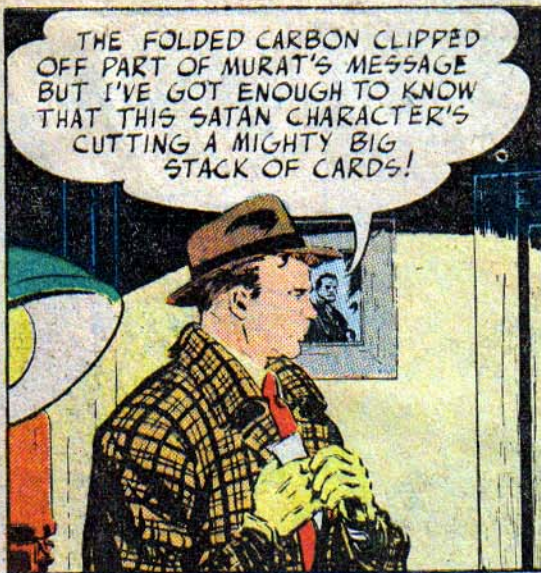
LOOKS LIKE THAT
TIGRESS AND HER
BLUDGEONING BOY-
FRIEND MISSED UP
ON SOMETHING!
THIS IS A CARBON
COPY OF THE SHEET
SHE SNATCHED
FROM ME!

Think of a hand, spread out and menacing. Think of the five fingers — their relation to each other, their appearance, the way they work...
THE PINKIE...The delicate, fragile one, weakest of all, but gaining strength from the next finger...
THE THIRD...Normal in size and strength, and always beside the dependent pinkie...
THE MIDDLE...The longest, the tall one, the one standing midway between the Third with his associate Pinkie and the powerful Index Finger and Thumb...
THE INDEX...The one that points, the one that pulls the trigger, the one that works so well with —
THE THUMB...Small, tough, deadly enough alone, but ruthlessly powerful when in team with the Index...

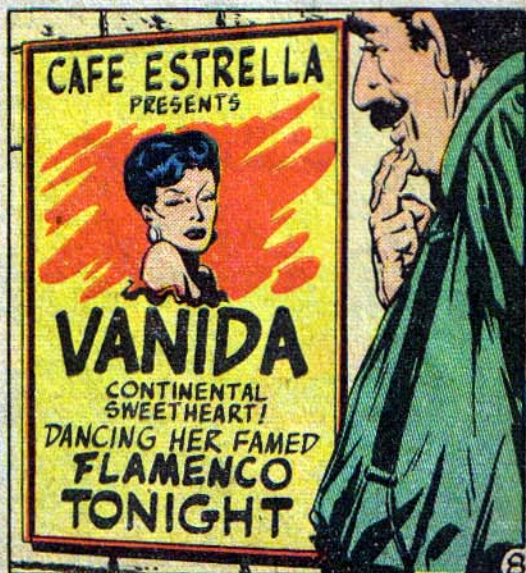
But, remember, none of the Fingers have existence or real strength of their own without the BODY OF THE HAND — the broad pentagonal base whose bones, nerves and blood activate and control the life of the Fingers...and give them multiplied unity, direction and power...

The BODY of this terrible hand is a man I choose to call SATAN — because I do not know his real name, nor where he lives, nor what he looks like. All that I do know, definitely and positively, is that he exists, horribly and evilly actual...and that he controls the Fingers...

The member of this organization whom I have symbolized as the Pinkie is a Eurasian girl, a professional dancer named VANIDA. Her constant attendant is a quiet Englishman known as LATHAM. The Middle Finger is a very tall, thin, extremely well-balanced Greek who usually goes under the nom-de-guerre of PETROS. The Index Finger is a Slav called STEPHAN, and he is generally accompanied by LUTHER, a



DICK POWELL



CHAPTER TWO

"THE CLOSING TRAP"

AS DARKNESS DESCENDS ON LISBON, THE LIGHTS OF THE CAFE ESTRELLA BEAM DOWN ON A DANCER...HER BREATHTAKING BEAUTY QUICKLY DRAWS PORTUGUESE PHRASES OF PRAISE FROM THE LOCAL CUSTOMERS...



AND OUTSIDE, A NATIVE GUIDE TRIES TO DRAW THE MORE PROFITABLE TOURIST TRADE...



YEAH, SHE'S THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS, ALL RIGHT! CHUBBY, YOU'VE JUST CAUGHT YOURSELF A CUSTOMER!



DICK POWELL



THAT EES EEMPOSSIBLE, SENHOR! EET EES AGAINST THE RULES AND...

...AND IT'LL TAKE ABOUT TEN ESCUDOS TO CRACK THE CAFE'S CONSTITUTION, RIGHT?



OH!

THAT "OH" SOUNDS LIKE THE START OF A DULL CONVERSATION! BETTER LET ME TRY TO SNAP UP THE DIALOGUE!



FOR A STARTER, LET ME SAY THE "FIVE FINGERS OF SATAN" DATA IS OLD LACE TO ME! YOU AND LATHAM OVERLOOKED A CARBON COPY LEFT BY MURAT!



SECONDLY, I'M GOING TO BREAK THOSE FIVE FINGERS—ONE BY ONE—UNTIL I REACH THE UNHOLY HAND THAT MAKES YOU DIGITS DANCE LIKE PUPPETS!



BY "BREAKING," I PRESUME YOU MEAN TO BETRAY ME TO THE LOCAL POLICIA?

UH-HUH—JUST AS SOON AS YOU LEAD ME TO YOUR SIDEKICK—LATHAM!

AS LATHAM TIGHTENS THE TRIGGER, VANIDA TENSES AND ALLOWS HER EYES TO DRIFT TOWARD THE GUN...



OH-OH, THIS GAL'S GONE AND GOTTEN HERSELF A NEW LOOK! SOMETHING'S GOING ON BEHIND ME!

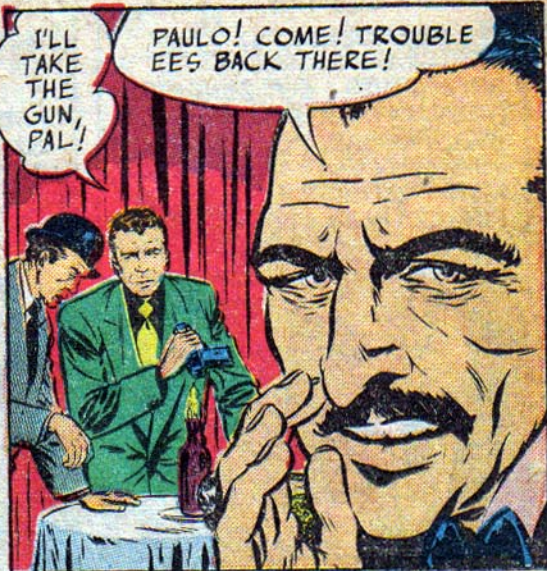


BETTER DIVE FIRST AND LOOK LATER!

BAM!

LATHAM—NO-UGH!

DICK POWELL



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, DICK GRABS THE CANDLE BOTTLE...



DICK POWELL

IN THE MORNING...

WITH VANIDA GONE, LATHAM WILL PROBABLY JOIN FORCES WITH THE "MIDDLE FINGER" IN AN EFFORT TO STOP MY SEARCH FOR SATAN!

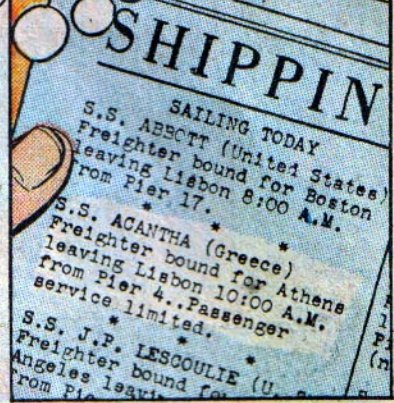
EENGLISH LANGUAGE PAPER, SENHOR?



AND SINCE THE MIDDLEMAN IS A GRECIAN CHARACTER NAMED PETROS, MY BEST BET IS TO CHECK ON GREEK DEPARTURE NOTICES!

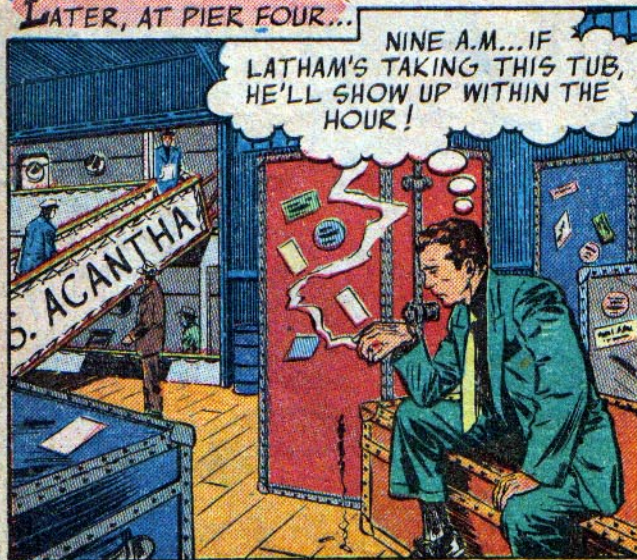


YE-AH... THIS MIGHT BE IT! WORTH CHECKING, ANYWAY!



LATER, AT PIER FOUR...

NINE A.M... IF LATHAM'S TAKING THIS TUB, HE'LL SHOW UP WITHIN THE HOUR!



9:45... LOOKS LIKE THIS BRAINSTORM OF MINE HAS MISSED THE BOAT!

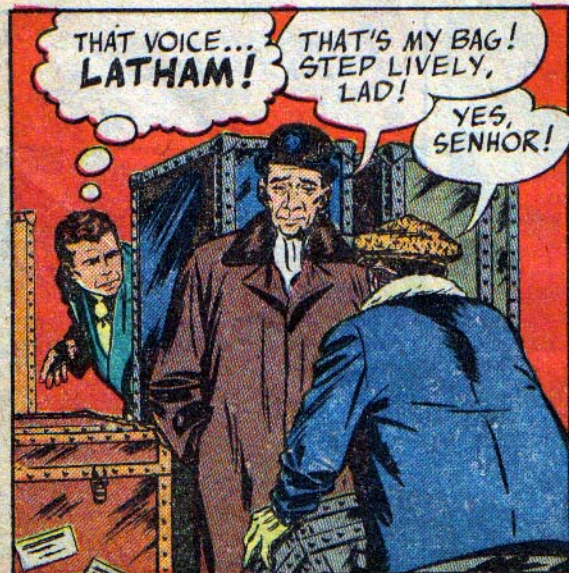
HURRY ALONG AND GET MY LUGGAGE ABOARD, LAD! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME...



THAT VOICE... LATHAM!

THAT'S MY BAG! STEP LIVELY, LAD!

YES, SENHOR!



GOT JUST ABOUT ENOUGH TIME TO SNATCH A STEAMER TICKET AND GET ABOARD!



DICK POWELL

MIDNIGHT, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, FINDS THE FREIGHTER FIGHTING A HEAVY SEA...



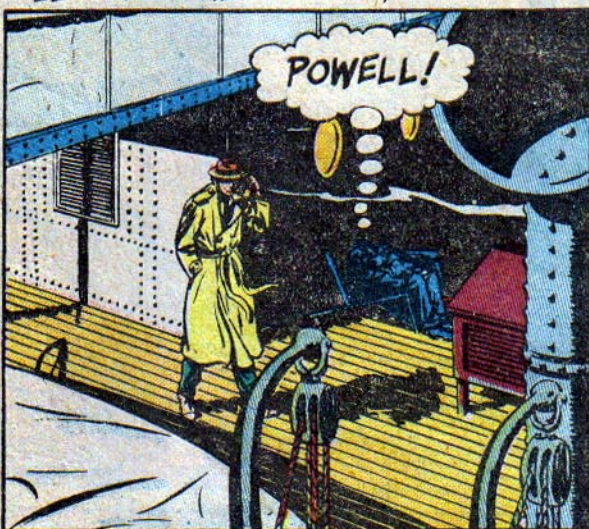
TOSSING AROUND IN THIS TWO-BY-FOUR CABIN IS GETTING ME DOWN! THINK I'LL GRAB A BREATH OF FRESH AIR!



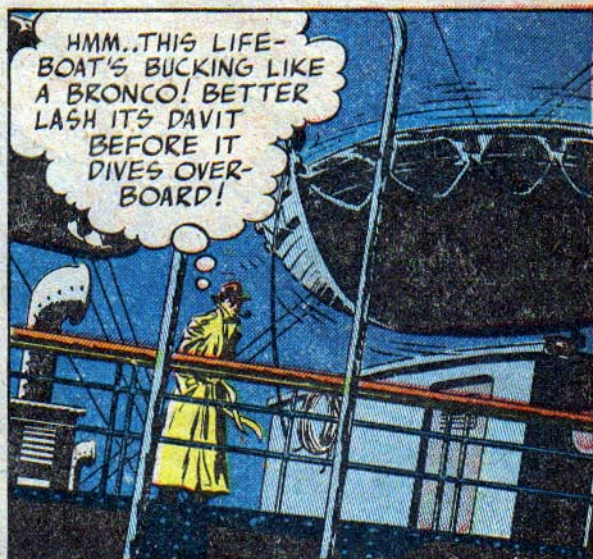
LOOKS LIKE THE DECK'S DESERTED! GUESS THE REST OF MY SHIPMATES ARE EITHER IN THE THROES OF SEASICKNESS OR SLUMBERING!



NOT QUITE ALL OF THEM, DICK...!



HMM...THIS LIFE-BOAT'S BUCKING LIKE A BRONCO! BETTER LASH ITS DAVIT BEFORE IT DIVES OVER-BOARD!



HERE'S THE PERFECT SITUATION —PLANTED RIGHT IN YOUR LAP, LATHAM! THE TIME, THE PLACE... AND THE **WEAPON!**



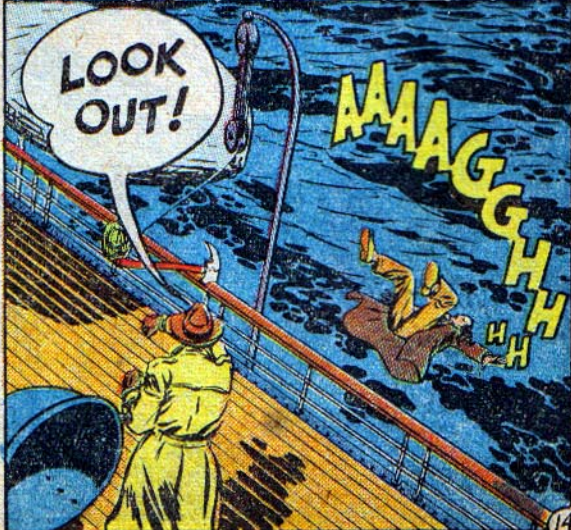
CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT! GUESS I'VE SORT OF FORGOTTEN MY "HALF HITCH AND SQUARE KNOT" SCOUTING DAYS!



DICK POWELL



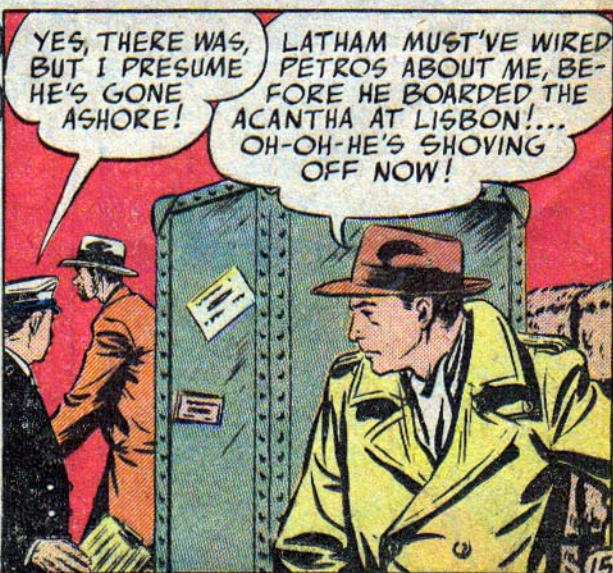
JUST AS POWELL'S BLOW LANDS, THE SHIP ROLLS VIOLENTLY TO ONE SIDE...



DICK POWELL

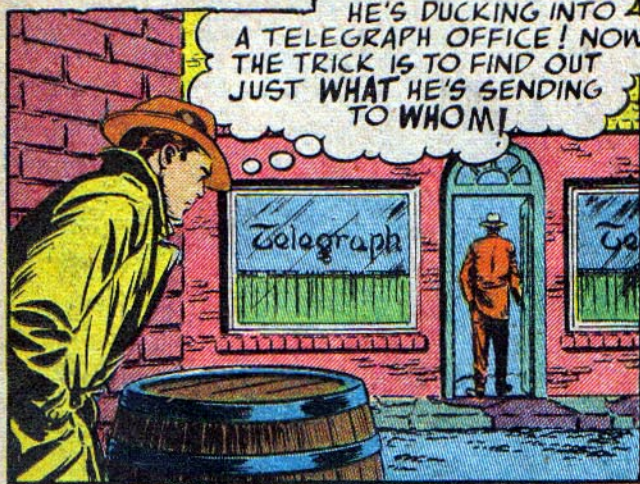


AS IF SOOTHED BY THE DEATH OF LATHAM, THE SEA CALMS AND THE BALANCE OF THE VOYAGE TO ATHENS IS A PLEASANT ONE...



DICK POWELL

PICKING UP THE TRAIL, POWELL PURSUES PETROS ALONG THE WINDING WATERFRONT STREETS.. FINALLY...



HE'S DUCKING INTO A TELEGRAPH OFFICE! NOW THE TRICK IS TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT HE'S SENDING TO WHOM!



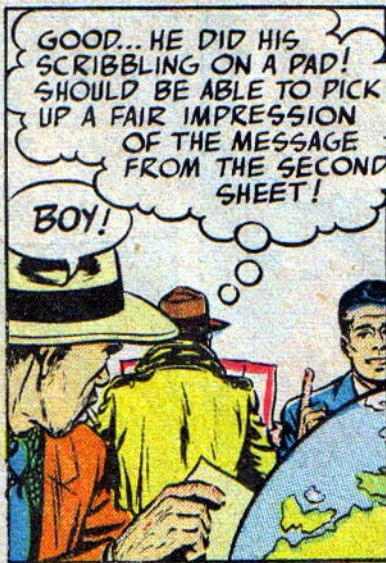
THIS MESSAGE WILL BE SENT AT ONCE, BOY?

YES, EFFENDI! AH-EXCUSE ME A MOMENT!



MAY I HELP YOU, EFFENDI?

NOT AT THE MOMENT, THANKS! JUST WANTED TO GLANCE THROUGH THESE TRAVEL FOLDERS!



GOOD... HE DID HIS SCRIBBLING ON A PAD! SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK UP A FAIR IMPRESSION OF THE MESSAGE FROM THE SECOND SHEET!

BOY!



THERE HE GOES! THIS SPY CHORE IS GOING SMOOTH AS SILK... ALMOST TOO SMOOTH!

BUT PETROS GOES ONLY AS FAR AS THE OUTSIDE TELEGRAPH OFFICE WINDOW...



SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN IS NOT RIGHT...SOMETHING! AH-HAH! HE TEARS A PAPER FROM THE TELEGRAPH PAD!



PETROS, YOU ARE PLAGUED WITH A MOUSE-LIKE MEMORY! OF COURSE ...HE IS THE ONE WHO DESCENDED THE GANG-PLANK AT THE DOCKS!

DICK POWELL





THIS STUFF SEEMS PRETTY PAT TO ME! "THE BULLDOG" IS REPRESENTATIVE OF ENGLAND'S JOHN BULL—THAT FITS LATHAM! "THE HOUND" SMACKS SHARPLY OF YOURS TRULY AND "KENNEL" HOOKS UP STEPHAN'S HOTEL IN MILAN!

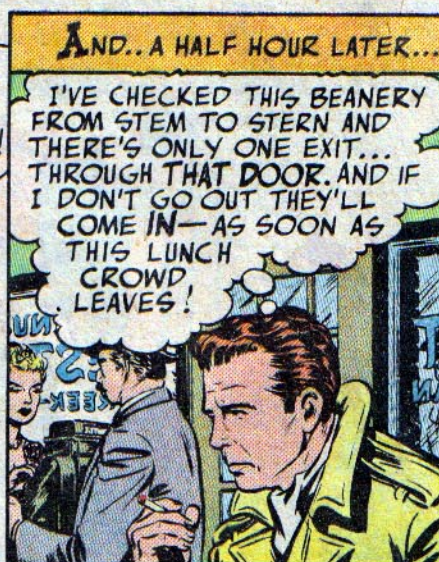


WITH ALL THAT INFO, I SHOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE TRACKING DOWN—OH-OH! DID I SAY TROUBLE?



COME, WHY DO WE WAIT?

THERE ARE OTHERS IN THERE, IMBECILE! A DISTURBANCE WILL BRING THE POLICE! PATIENCE WILL BRING HIM OUT TO US!



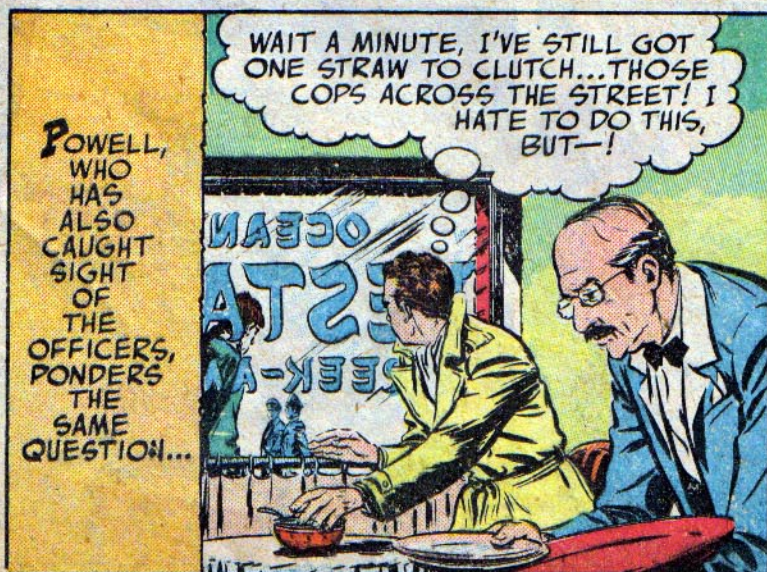
AND... A HALF HOUR LATER...

I'VE CHECKED THIS BEANERY FROM STEM TO STERN AND THERE'S ONLY ONE EXIT... THROUGH THAT DOOR. AND IF I DON'T GO OUT THEY'LL COME IN—AS SOON AS THIS LUNCH CROWD LEAVES!



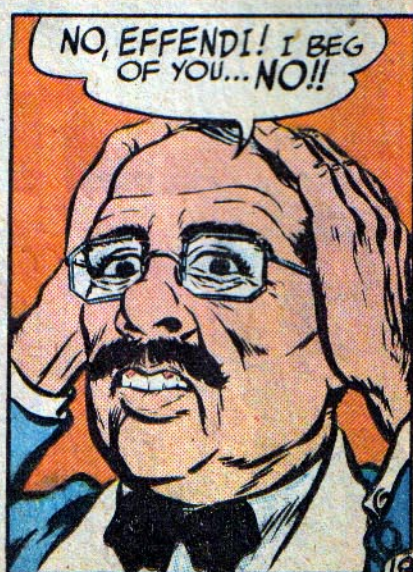
LEONIDAS, LOOK! ...ACROSS THE STREET!

PAH, WHAT IS THERE TO WORRY? HOW COULD OUR PRISONER AND THE POLICE GET TOGETHER, WITH US STANDING HERE?



WAIT A MINUTE, I'VE STILL GOT ONE STRAW TO CLUTCH...THOSE COPS ACROSS THE STREET! I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT—!

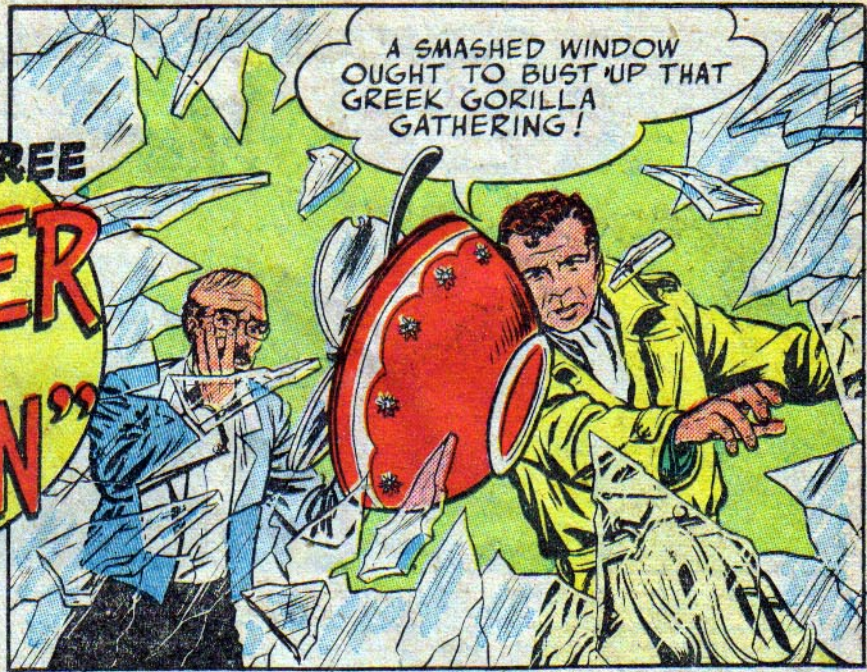
POWELL, WHO HAS ALSO CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE OFFICERS, PONDER'S THE SAME QUESTION...



NO, EFFENDI! I BEG OF YOU... NO!!

CHAPTER THREE

"MURDER
IN
MILAN"



DICK POWELL

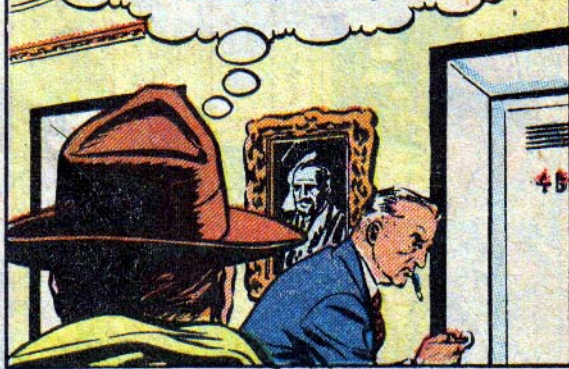


DICK POWELL

THAT'S MY BOY, ALL RIGHT...LOOKS LIKE THAT FAKE PAGING ROUTINE RUFFLED HIS FEATHERS! HE'S GATHERING UP HIS GOOSE-FLESH AND LEAVING THE LOBBY!



OH-OH, HE'S STARTING TO FREEZE UP! CAN'T TELL WHETHER I'M JUST A PASSING HOTEL GUEST OR THE GUY PETROS WARNED HIM ABOUT! BETTER TRY TO THROW HIM OFF WITH THE OLD "JOLLY GOOD FELLOW" ACT!



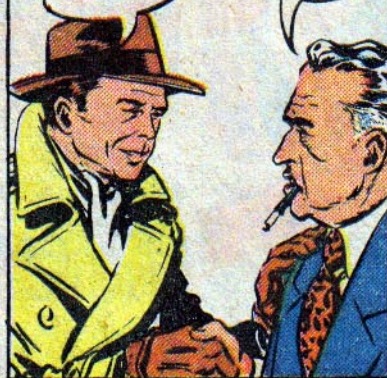
AH-HAH! THOUGHT IT WAS YOU! GOOD OLD HARRY SHULTZ FROM MILWAUKEE!

I...ER...

GOOD OLD HARRY...I TELL YOU, YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!

THERE M-MUST BE A MISTAKE, SIR! I ASSURE YOU MY NAME IS...

...IS STEPHAN! OKAY, GULLIBLE, GET INSIDE BEFORE I SNAP YOUR SHOULDER!



THE PATTERN SET BY YOUR PALS BEFORE YOU, TOOK A WHILE TO SET IN, BUT NOW I'VE GOT IT DOWN PAT! HIT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS AFTERWARD!



NEVER GIVE A GUY A CHANCE TO GULP A BREATH BETWEEN BEATINGS, THAT'S THE CRIMINAL CODE, ISN'T IT?

N-NO...NO MORE...PLEASE! I'LL TALK...ANYTHING...EVERYTHING!!





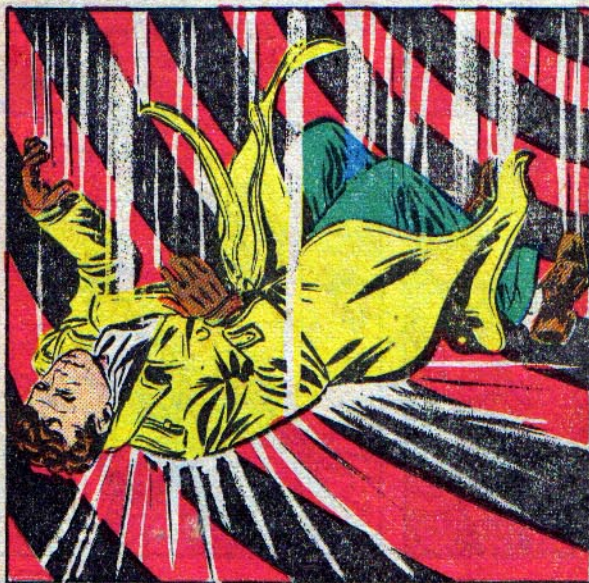
HMPH, MUST'VE LET MYSELF RUN AWAY WITH THE ROUGH STUFF ...HE'S PASSED OUT! BETTER GET SOME AIR IN HERE!



AS POWELL TURNS TO OPEN A WINDOW, THE CORRIDOR DOOR SWINGS INWARD...



A PAIR OF PALMS PUSH AGAINST THE SMALL OF POWELL'S UNPROTECTED BACK AND DICK DIVES HEADLONG OUT THE WINDOW...!



MAMMA MIA!



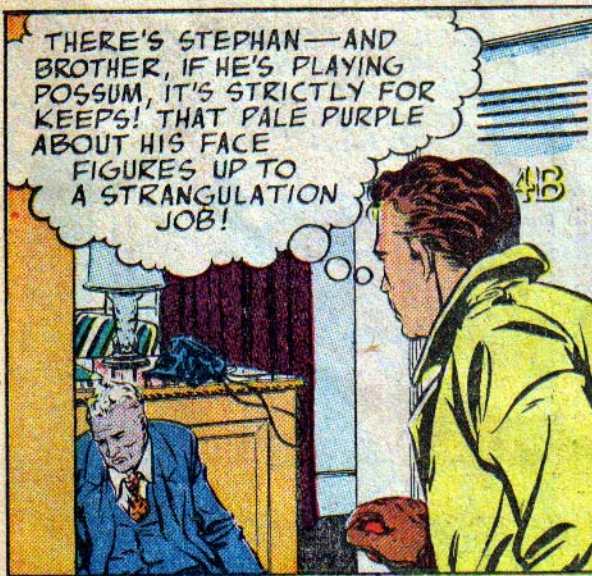
KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL, PAL! I CAME PRETTY CLOSE TO LOOKING LIKE THAT MESS AT YOUR FEET!



EITHER STEPHAN PULLED A POSSUM ACT AND PUSHED ME ...OR, SOMEBODY ELSE SLIPPED INTO THIS ROOM!

MINUTES LATER

4B



THERE'S STEPHAN—AND BROTHER, IF HE'S PLAYING POSSUM, IT'S STRICTLY FOR KEEPS! THAT PALE PURPLE ABOUT HIS FACE FIGURES UP TO A STRANGULATION JOB!

4B



TINY THUMBPRINTS PRESSED AGAINST THE THROAT... **THUMB!**... THAT'S IT! THE SHORT, STUBBY FIFTH FINGER! LUTHER COULD BE A LILLIPUTIAN!

CLICK
CLICK



SURE, LOOK AT THOSE FOOTPRINTS ON THE FLOOR... MUST HAVE PULLED THE ASH TRAY OFF IN REACHING THE PHONE TO MAKE A CALL! HMPH! AND HERE'S A **MEMO**... MUST'VE MADE IT AFTER HE SHOVED ME OVERBOARD AND SILENCED STEPHAN!



ALL IT SAYS IS "125-4"...WHICH MEANS EXACTLY NOTHING! BETTER SEE IF I CAN GET A LINE ON LUTHER AT THE HOTEL DESK!



LOOK, PAL, I WONDER IF YOU COULD HELP ME OUT...

GLADLY, SIGNOR! JUST ALLOW ME A MOMENT TO FIND A DEPARTING TRAIN FOR THEES GENTLEMAN!



AH, HERE WE ARE...THE TRAIN FOR BERN, SWITZERLAND LEAVES AT 1:25 P.M.—TRACK 4, MILANO DEPOT!



BROTHER, AND HOW YOU'VE HELPED ME OUT! YOU HAVE JUST CRACKED THAT "125-4" CODE WIDE OPEN!



MILANO RAIL-ROAD DEPOT, AND STEP ON IT!

SI, SIGNOR! WE WEEEL ARRIVE EEN TWO SHAKES OF THE TAIL OF THE AGNELIA!

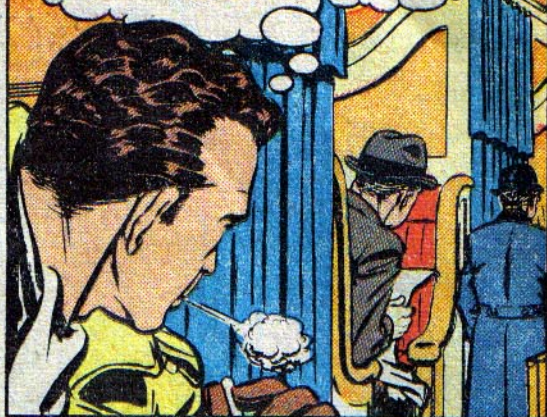
DICK POWELL

AND, AT EXACTLY 1:25 P.M., AS THE BERN, SWITZERLAND EXPRESS PULLS OUT OF MILANO DEPOT...

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH THE TRAIN... NO SIGNS OF LITTLE LUTHER AMONG THE LATE-COMERS... OH! OH! THAT MUST BE MY SHORT-SIDED PAL, NOW!



NEVER HAD TO GANG UP ON A GUY ONE-HALF MY SIZE BEFORE! HAVE TO HOLD BACK ON THE BRAWN OR I'LL BREAK HIM IN HALF!



HE CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER THAN THIS FIRST FORWARD COACH! ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS... HOLY COW!



COME, FELIX, SIT DOWN FOR A HANDT OF HEARTS!



YOU MUST HAFF DER WRONG CAR, MEIN HERR! DIS IS RESERVED FOR DER KLINGER MIDGET TROUPE!



YEAH... SORRY! WRONG CAR!



BROTHER, DID I BUY MYSELF A BOOMERANG! HERE I AM, BOTTLED UP ON A SPEEDING TRAIN WITH A LOAD OF DEUTSCHE DWARFS... THE QUESTION IS, WHICH ONE IS LUTHER AND WHEN WILL HE STRIKE?



POWELL'S ANXIETY IS SCHEDULED TO BE SHORT-LIVED... FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ON THE MIDDLE COACH PLATFORM...

VHEN DER "HOUND" RETURNS FROM DER FORWARD COACH HUNT, HE VILL FIND LUTHER... VAITING!



AHH! NOW, MR. HOUND...!



Chapter Four SATAN'S STRONGHOLD



DICK POWELL

SECONDS LATER



THANKS PAL...
THANKS...!



ARE YOU...?

HURT? BROTHER, YOU
HAVE NO IDEA HOW A
BARED CHAIN HURTS!

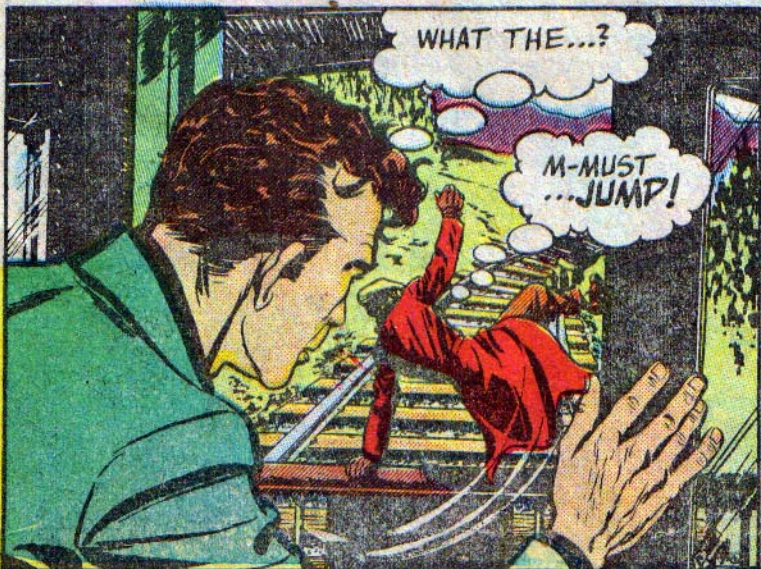


BUT I THINK I CAN STILL
MUSTER UP ENOUGH STRENGTH
TO STALK DOWN THAT
LITTLE SADIST!

THROUGH
THE
THUNDERING
TRAIN
TWO MEN
STAGGER...
THE SMALL
ONE TORN
WITH
TERROR,
THE OTHER
RIPPED BY
BLINDING
PAIN...
NOW, ON
THE
REAR
PLATFORM...



OVER DER SVISS BORDER
NOW UND NEAR LUCIEN'S
STRONGHOLD...ACH! HE-HE
COMES FOR ME... I GOT
TO GET AWAY...!



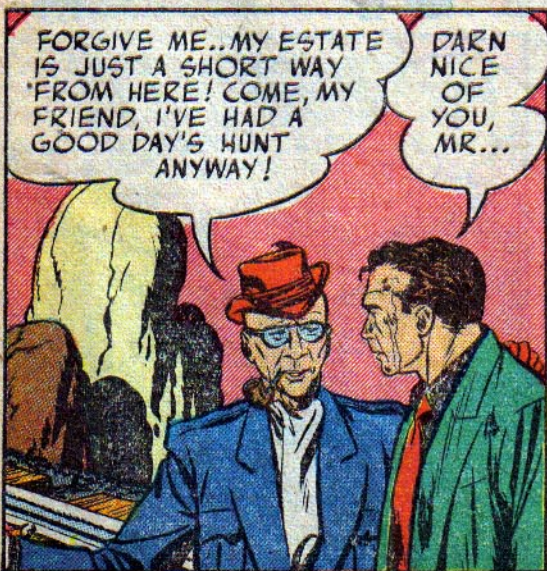
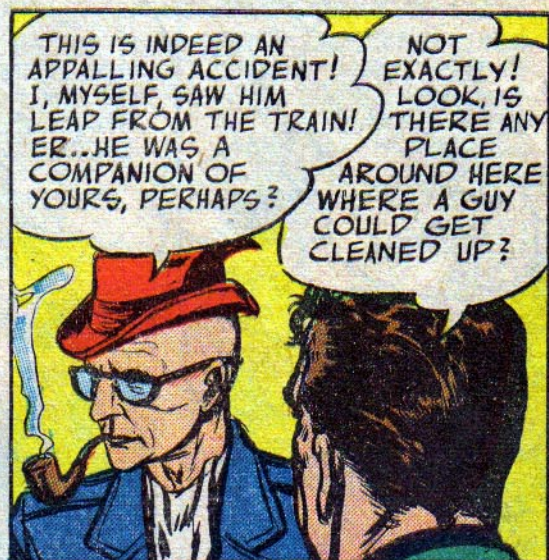
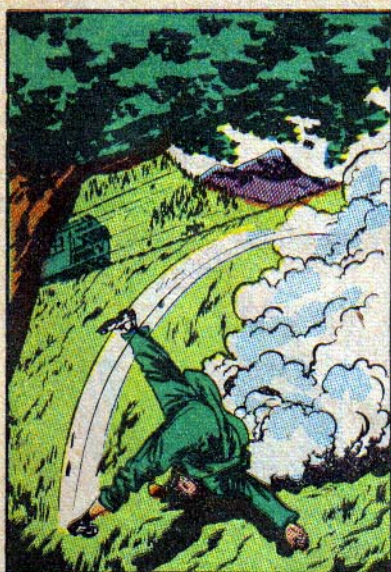
WHAT THE...?

M-MUST
...JUMP!

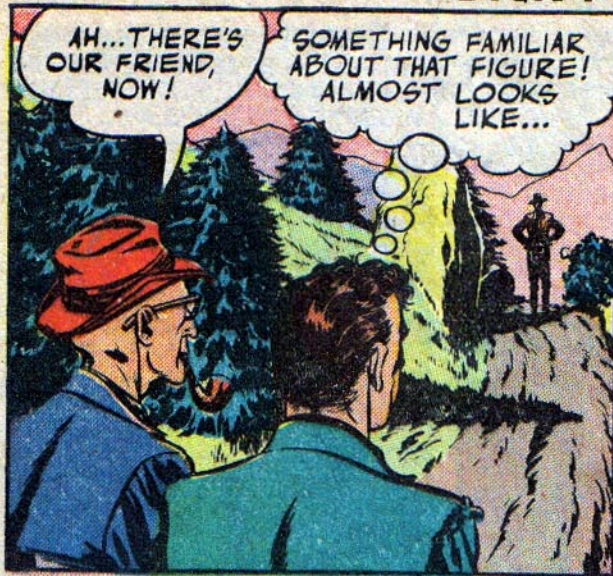


OKAY, CHUM, IF YOU'RE
GAME ENOUGH TO SKIP
OFF A SPEEDING TRAIN
...SO AM I!

DICK POWELL



DICK POWELL



AH...THERE'S OUR FRIEND, NOW!

SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT FIGURE! ALMOST LOOKS LIKE...



...PETROS!

THAT WILL BE CLOSE ENOUGH! A HAND-SHAKE WILL NOT BE NECESSARY!



WELL, PETROS, IS THIS THE MAN WHO MANAGED TO SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS IN ATHENS?

Y-YES, SIRE... HE IS THE MAN CALLED POWELL!



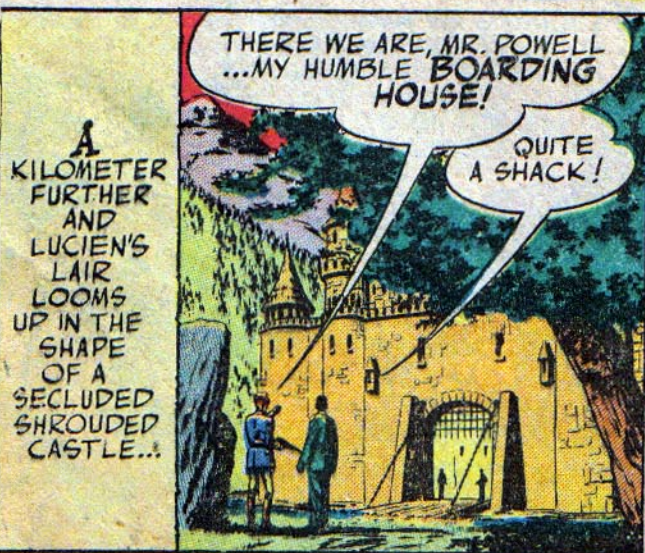
THANK YOU, PETROS! NOW, IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT YOU JOIN MY OTHER-AH, AS JAN MURAT PUT IT-"FINGERS!" THE UNFAILING FOUR WHO DIED DEFENDING THE ORGANIZATION!

OF ALL THE COLD-BLOODED...!



NOW I PRESUME IT'S MY TURN TO BE PERFORATED!

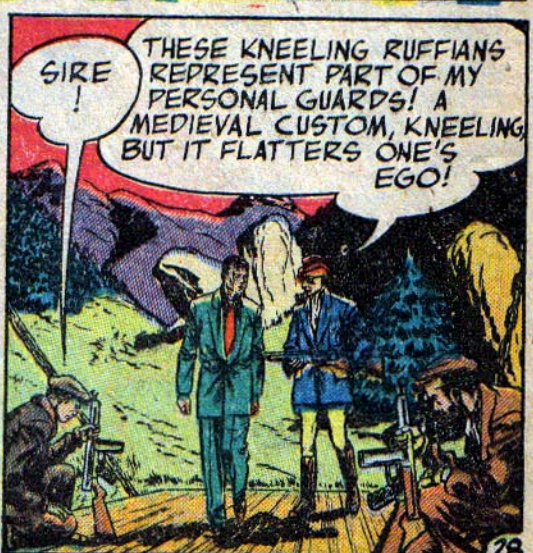
INDEED NOT, MR. POWELL... AFTER ALL, I AM A SPORTSMAN! YOU'VE PROVEN TO BE AN EXCELLENT HUNTER AND DESERVE TO SEE MY INTERNATIONAL SECRET BEFORE WE-AH, PART COMPANY!



THERE WE ARE, MR. POWELL...MY HUMBLE BOARDING HOUSE!

QUITE A SHACK!

A KILOMETER FURTHER AND LUCIEN'S LAIR LOOMS UP IN THE SHAPE OF A SECLUDED SHROUDED CASTLE...



SIRE!

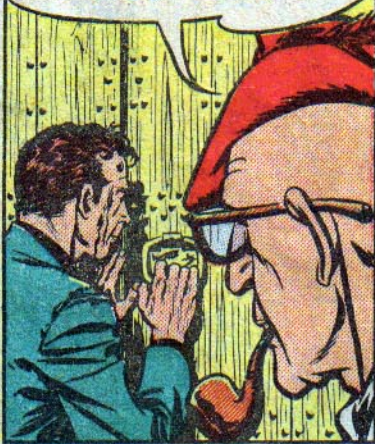
THESE KNEELING RUFFIANS REPRESENT PART OF MY PERSONAL GUARDS! A MEDIEVAL CUSTOM, KNEELING, BUT IT FLATTERS ONE'S EGO!

DICK POWELL

AND BEYOND THAT GREAT HALL DOOR LIES THE ANSWER TO YOUR GOVERNMENT'S ANXIETY...THE SECRET SANCTUARY OF MY WELL-PAYING GUESTS!



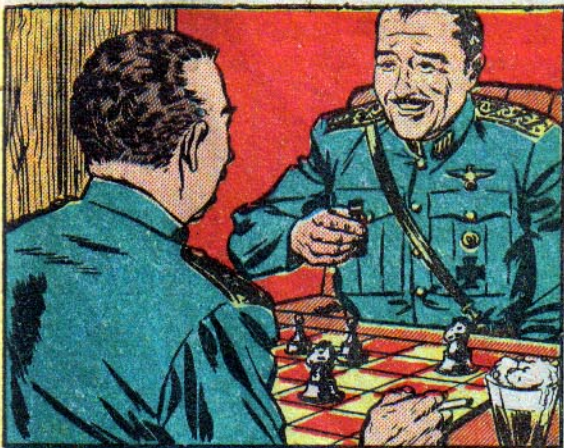
GO ON, OPEN IT A TRIFLE! WHATEVER YOU SEE WILL GO NO FURTHER..OF THAT I AM MOST CERTAIN!



"UNHOLY" WOULD BE A MORE APPROPRIATE ADJECTIVE, MR. POWELL! PERHAPS A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY ON THE MORE NOTORIOUS MEMBERS OF MY "COLLECTION" IS IN ORDER!



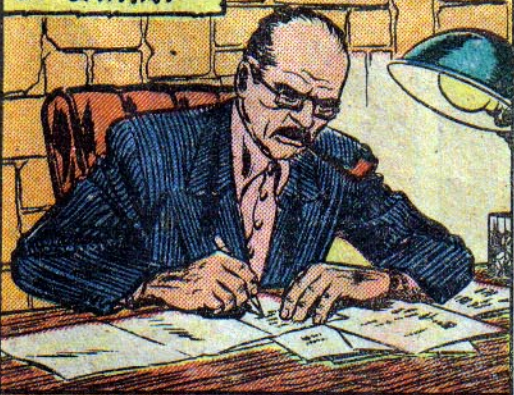
"FIRST, WE HAVE GENERALS VON PRISS AND SCHLEICHER! FOR A FEE, I MANAGED TO HELP THEM ESCAPE THE NUREMBERG DEATH TRIALS!"



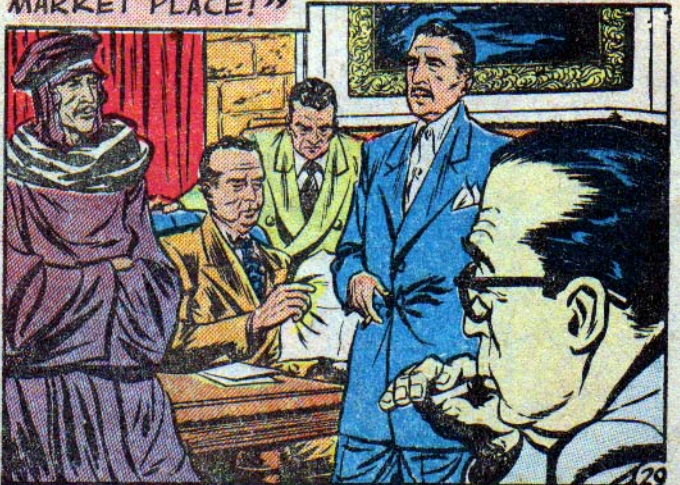
"AND THERE, THE WOMAN! EMMA KOLLE, WANTED FOR ATROCITIES AGAINST ALLIED AIRMEN! POOR THING, HER TORTURING IS LIMITED TO PULLING WINGS FROM BAR FLIES THESE DAYS!"

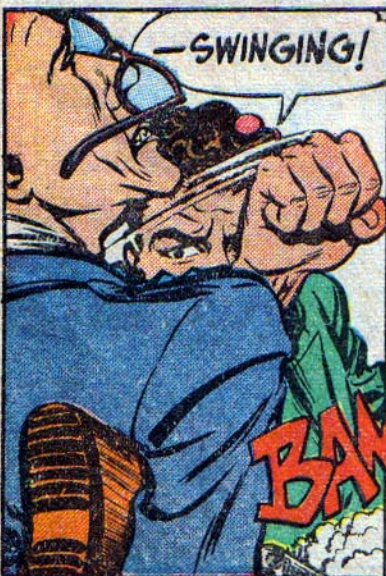


"AND HERE INDEED IS A PRECIOUS PRIZE! PROF. GRANOFF, AMERICAN PHYSICIST WHO SOLD YOUR COUNTRY SHORT TO THE RUSSIANS! NOW HIS SCIENCE SERVES IN THE INTEREST OF SATAN!"

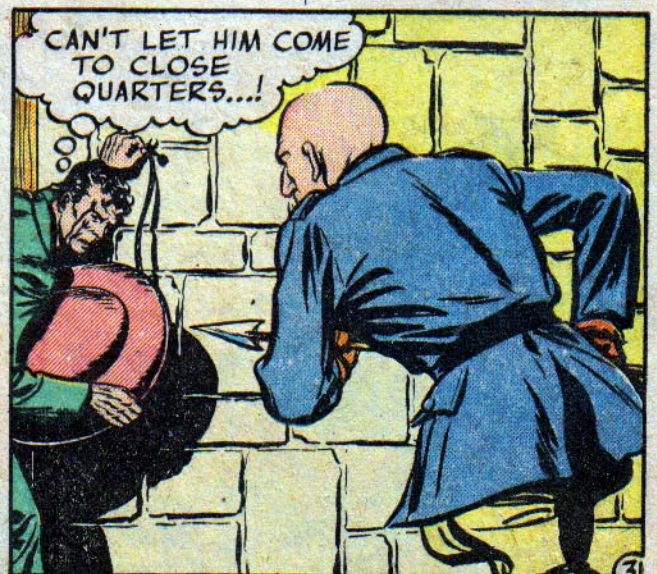
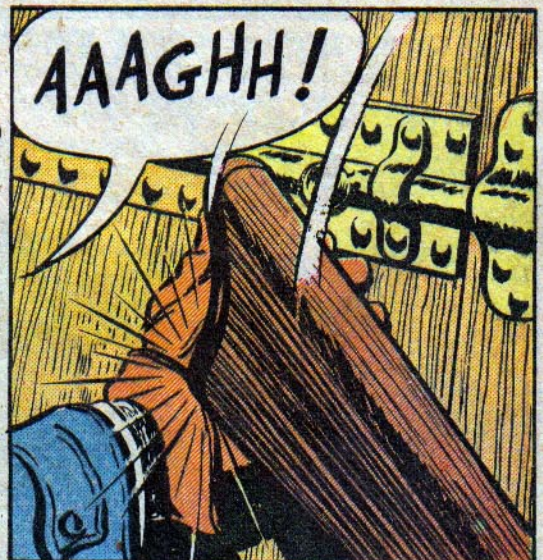
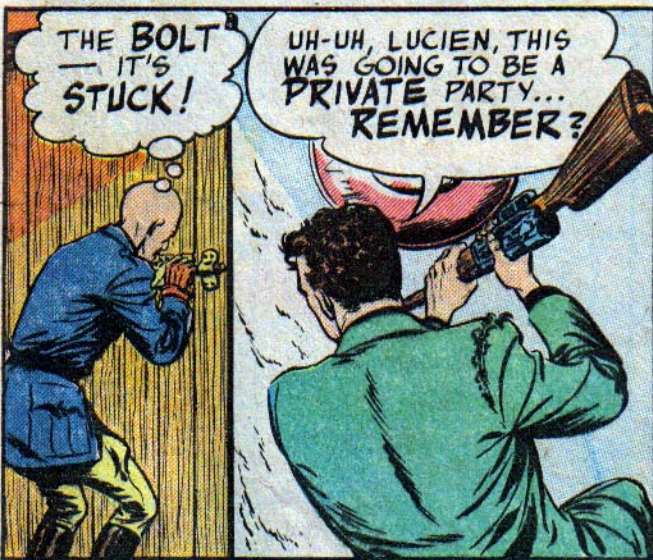
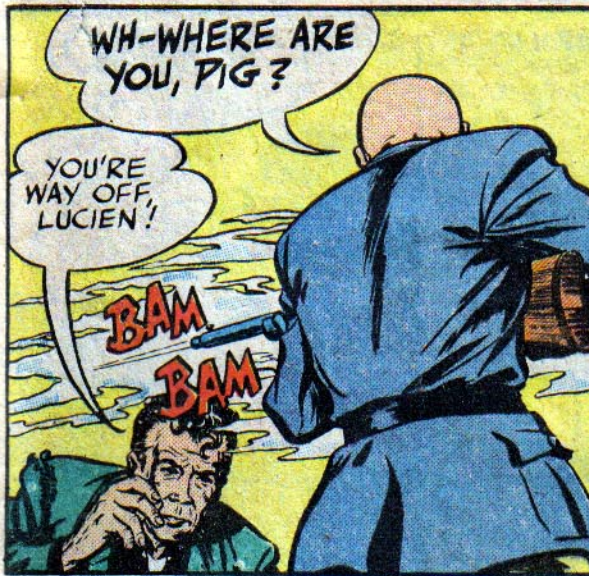


"THAT LAST TABLE IS MY 'TRADING POST!' THERE, WORLD GOVERNMENT SECRETS ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD LIKE DELICACIES IN A MARKET PLACE!"

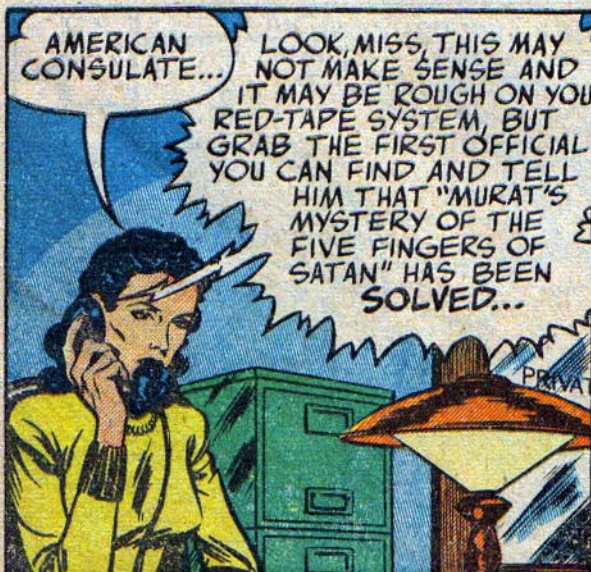
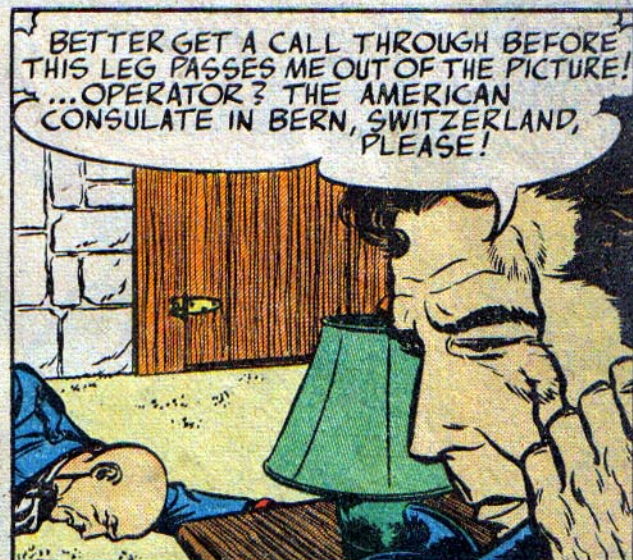




DICK POWELL



DICK POWELL



★ TWO SENSATIONAL BASEBALL OFFERS!! ★ ★ A GREAT-NEW-EXCITING BASEBALL GAME ★

ACTION!

SKILL!

STRATEGY!

EDUCATION!

FUN!

IN YOUR OWN BASEBALL STADIUM

"Casey on The Mound"

BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL IN MINIATURE

ACTION AND THRILLS FOR YOUNG AND OLD
THIS IS THE FINEST BASEBALL GAME EVER SOLD!!

NO DICE—NO CARDS—NO SPINNERS

Play It With Skill—Pitch Curves—Hit Pop Flies
or Home Runs Over the Fences. Game Is Played
At Home by Rogers Hornsby, Specs Shea, Johnny
Pesky, Bobby Doerr, Dom DiMaggio, Dan Parker
and Thousands of Others. This Game Has Taken
Young and Old Alike by Storm. Approved by All.



GAME

INCLUDES

A large 26" Square done in 4
color litho Baseball Stadium.
9 fielding players, 3 base run-
ners, ball, bat, rule book,
score card, and 2 umpires.

SENSATIONAL

FASCINATING

GREAT FUN

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE \$2.98 POSTPAID

M.C. Geiger, 205 West 86 St. N.Y. 24, N.Y. Dept. DP (USE COUPON BELOW)

★ ANOTHER SENSATIONAL OFFER ★

★ JOE DiMAGGIO'S OWN STORY! ★

How he became one of Big League Baseball's greatest
players • The most exciting moments of the past 10
years of Baseball • True stories about 150 stars Joe has
played with and against • Famous throws, hits, "tight
spots" described by the player who was IN them!

THE REAL STORY
OF BIG LEAGUE
BASEBALL WITH
34 PHOTOS OF
STARS.

LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE

Smash-Hit Baseball Story of the Year!

Here's the baseball fan's thrill of a lifetime—the action-
packed, intimate story of "jolting" Joe DiMaggio, "The
Yankee Clipper"—TOLD IN HIS OWN WORDS!

Every fan, young and old, will get a tremendous kick
out of Joe's great book, "Lucky to Be a Yankee." Here
is Baseball—as real, as crackling, as exciting as a
stinger to right field! Joe pulls no punches—on himself
or anyone else. He takes you right into the dugouts and
at or the diamond, you're right THERE with him, see-
ing the game through his eyes and living it with him
every breathless moment!

HOW TO HIT AND FIELD

What a book!—244 pages, with many pictures of Base-
ball's greatest stars. What's more—Joe has written one
whole section telling his own secrets of winning the game!

PARTIAL CONTENTS:

Introduction by Jim Farley
Foreword—Grantland Rice
The Old Horse Lot
The First Season
The Second Year
The Third Year
Four in a row, etc.
Hitting and Fielding
DiMaggio Records, etc.

"INSIDE DOPE" ON 150 GREAT PLAYERS INCLUDING

Les Boudreau, Spud Chan-
dler, Dizzy Dean, Bill
Dickey, Bob Feller, Jimmy
Foxx, Lou Gehrig, Lefty
Gomez, Hank Greenberg,
Lefty Grove, Carl Hubbell,
Joe Medwick, Mel Ott and
Babe Ruth.



SEND CHECK, CASH
ORDER —
RUSH YOU

M.C. Geiger,
N.Y. 24, N.Y.

Please rush me at a
"YANKEE" by Joe DiM.

- Paper Cover Edition.
- De Luxe Cloth Editi.
- Casey on The Moun.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____



HAVE FUN • MAKE MONEY TOO!
This New, Exciting Way

With Your Own...
JUNIOR
Bubble Gum
VENDING MACHINE BANK



Gives You **50¢** Clear Profit
On Every Dollar!

And How Those Dollars Grow With All
Your Friends and Relatives **HELPING YOU SAVE**

Here's How It Works! Put in a penny, pull over the lever, and out pops the swellest bubble gum you and your gang have ever chewed! See the fast money-making possibilities? Boy, oh Boy, you can't keep your friends away from your handsome new JUNIOR BUBBLE GUM VENDING MACHINE BANK! They want that tasty gum—and how! And they'll fight to be first to get their pennies in the slot. Relatives and chance visitors, too, jump at the chance to help you save by clicking coins—and more coins—into this fascinating new bank.

You're Rich Before You Know It! With EVERYBODY wanting bubble gum—and YOU MAKING 50% ON EVERY "SALE"—how can you help but make your fortune fast with this wonderful new JUNIOR BUBBLE GUM VENDING MACHINE BANK! Delicious gum comes in all colors of the rainbow. And your only problem is meeting the DAILY DEMAND for more and MORE gum. That's a cinch, too, for you order your refill from us, and you're sure of fast delivery.

Don't Put Off Having All This Fun ...
Your Friends Fill Your Pockets!
rich quick the easy, exciting way—the amazing new JUNIOR BUBBLE VENDING MACHINE BANK! I love every money-making minute! yours today. **YOUR SATISFACTION** **ARANTEED!** If you're not delighted

with your new JUNIOR VENDING MACHINE BANK, you can return it within 10 days for an instant and cheerful refund.

Built Just Like Big Vending Machines! You'll admire its rugged, bright enameled metal base and sparkling clear glass top. Bank comes complete with bubble gum, and sturdy key to unlock for reloading—and taking out that big, big pile of pennies. Lever action completely automatic. No jamming or trouble even when trade is brisk! 6½" high x 4¼" wide.

REFILLS BY RETURN MAIL \$1
200 GUM BALLS... ONLY

KEM CO., 18 East 41st St., Dept. 6 A, New York 17, N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY!
TO BE RICH TOMORROW... MAIL COUPON TODAY!

KEM CO., 18 East 41st St., Dept. 6 A, New York 17, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Rush me my JUNIOR BUBBLE GUM VENDING MACHINE BANK by return mail. I agree to pay postman \$2.00 plus few cents postage.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CAREFULLY PLEASE!)

- ☐ I enclose \$2.98. You pay postage.
☐ 200 Extra Balls \$1.00 additional.

